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Rise of Peace, Fall of Doom

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Chapter 1 by Glowy-Druglord

You were a Peace Reaper, a Guardian of all that is right, creation of Element. But your fate was all but certain. As you fell backwards, clutching your stomach in absolute pain, you knew right there you were going to die. Justice, Honor, Time, Existence, you knew you failed them. Your solid gold and silver steel armor was growing too heavy to your body as blood spilled out of your stomach. Your wings were mangled and crush in a bloody mess as you let out a weak moan. The dirt around you was dark with your blood as dead bodies littered the battle field. You heard a sickening smash against the Temple's mighty walls and you watch in horror as your home fell.

Your life was slipping away until you noticed the familiar Spartan like helmet above you. It was the Peace Reaper of Honor reaching down for you. He lifted you up and flew back to the mountain Temple, your deep red blood staining his golden armor. As he carried you through the Grand Hall, your vision was beginning to fail you. As he set you down on a ledge of a widow, your back propped up with bricks. Another Reaper, one you recognized as Time.

"There's no way this one will survive. The wounds are too deep. We must be swift and merciful."

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"Until you say Element, I'll keep bringing you back to life, you can't stop the powers of death."

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